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1920

RHYMES  
'ROUND  
HOME

EUGENE BROWN





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# Rhymes 'Round Home



*de Aguiar*  
EUGENE BROWN



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TO MY GIRLS



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## OLD STICK-CANDY DAYS.

There's a period of playtime in my memory, that  
stays

Like a page of printed history,—the old stick-candy  
days,

When a single grimy penny was my total worldly  
pelf,

And the Grocer took the jar down from the little  
old store shelf.

There was keen anticipation of the little twisted  
bars.

How they seemed to nod and beckon, as they  
glistened in the jars.

There was fun, and joy and pleasure all reflected  
in your eye,

As you shot a look of envy at the Grocer's fat  
supply,

Of the dainty bits of sweetness, in variety to spare;  
Ev'ry color in the Rainbow. How you just could  
stand and stare

For a week, and never tire (as the people came  
and went),

Eatin' one, and always wishin' that you had another  
cent.

'Twas a period of gladness, and we'd funny little  
ways,

But 'twas real untainted pleasure, in the old Stick-  
candy Days.

## EATIN' AT THE NEIGHBORS.

In January, 1913, when we lived at Peoria, Arizona, the girls (Jeanie and Lucilee), liked to go next door, to the neighbor's and eat from his table, as well as drink all the cold tea or coffee, still standing in the cups, after the meal was over, and that prompted me to write the lines.

---

I like all the neighbor's good eats, do you?  
I eat with them lots when our folks get thru.  
They 'low me to whistle or lick my knife,  
And when I am thru, why the neighbor's wife  
Just picks up the butter from off the floor  
And says, "Come now, honey, do eat some more."  
My stomach sticks out, and I feel so fat,  
You bet over home they don't do like that.  
And over at Perkins's just this noon,  
They made a big cake, and I licked the spoon,  
And hinted around till I got a slice,  
I picked a wee hole in their new bread—twice.  
And gee, their back kitchen smells lickin' good.  
They say they are poor, so they just burn wood.  
But Gollee their cookin' is fine, and say,  
I just could go back over there and stay,  
And eat all the pan cakes that I could hold,  
And drink all the coffee cups when they're cold,  
And eats all the crumbs that their barn man makes,  
And lick all the pans when the girl makes cakes.  
But mama says no, so she keeps me here,  
And honest, my stomach feels awful queer.  
Of course, tho, our folks cook up good things too,  
But I like the neighbor's the best, don't you?

**FIRST MEETING OF  
"BOYS OF THE OLD WHITE SCHOOL."**

I'd like to go back with the boys on the Hill,  
Like the days of the used to be,  
With Harry and Jack, and with Jimmie and Bill,  
'Twould be jolly for you and me.

I'd like to get out and play, "Run Sheep, Run"  
In the pasture, beyond the bars.  
Just turn ourselves loose for some jolly old fun,  
With the package of bad cigars.

I'd like to swipe turnips, and carry a gate  
With the fellows who knew the game;  
I'd like to start early and stay out 'way late,  
With the bunch that was never tame.

We'd crawl thru the sewer and scale the high fence,  
And perhaps we would pick a fuss,  
But, honest now, boys, it would sure be immense,  
And it always was good for us.

The fellows of now are so slow as compared  
To our gang, don't you think they are?  
No matter what happened, no trouble was spared,  
And the place never was too far.

I'd like to go back to the same old East Bluff,  
Where we gathered in days of yore.  
It wouldn't hurt much if the going was rough,  
And, I'd like it, I say once more.

I'd like to go back where the men used to vote,  
There at Captain O'Deill's old store,  
And see the board fence, and the place where we  
wrote  
All our names on the old back door.

I'd like to take just one more slide on the hill,  
Only one, with the steering wheel.  
I wouldn't care much if the whole thing would spill.  
Oh, how young it would make us feel.

I'd hunt up the gang that was always around,  
For a game, if the day was cool,  
I bet we'd have fun on the old stamping ground.  
Then we'd visit the old White School.

I'd get in a marble game, there by the fence,  
At the bell we'd "grab up," you know.  
I know that the fun would be simply immense.  
To the other old haunts I'd go.

But wait! It's no use, for the days have gone by,  
Oh, the time when we had the fun,  
That wee bit of moisture you feel in your eye  
Tells the tale of a life half done.

The rest of the way you must feather your nest,  
You must look for a place to light,  
The fun that we had in those days was the best.  
But be glad you're still here tonight.

The time's rushing by, as we all hurry on,  
Let us meet here again, next year,  
And talk over joys of the days that have gone,  
With the friends that we all hold dear.



## THE OLD WHITE SCHOOL.

I think I see a building in its grandeur on a hill.  
Just ponder back to school days and I rather think  
you will.

Its stately elevation lingers vividly today,  
And no amount of time can brush its memory away.

The sanitary pump, with all the ladles on a chain,  
The big front steps with side-boards, where we  
slid with might and main.

The yard with all the maples and the old boardwalk  
which lead

Along the wall and angled back through memories  
now dead.

The high, resounding ceilings, and the coat rooms  
in the hall.

O, how we loved to greet them when we gathered  
in the fall.

I think I see the wand drills and the dapper suffra-  
gettes,

I think I hear the Wilde girls in their wonderful  
duets.

The office in the hallway, where we all had heart  
disease,

And, oh, those winter mornings, when we'd stand  
outside and freeze.

Remember Father Green, who used to show us how  
to sing?

I hear the tones still ringing "Welcome now the  
balmy spring."

Remember how we tittered when the teacher had  
to leave,

And how we figured on a slate and wiped it with  
our sleeve?

And how we had to speak a piece on Friday after-  
noon,

Perchance we got unruly, they would set us with  
a coon.

Remember Ada Harper, and some others who are  
gone?

O, yes, and all the pretty girls who gamboled on  
the lawn.

Remember Anna Bracken, and the famous Lizzie  
Core,

Joe Harper, Herbie Thompson and the fightin' kid,  
Eck Moore?

Remember playing "Shinny" 'til our legs were black  
and blue?

Or lining up for "Goosie" when there wasn't much  
to do?

It seems to me that "Stink Base" was another  
famous game,

And "Run Sheep, Run" and "Hare and Hounds,"  
and some without a name.

I think I hear the tinkle of the tardy bell once more,  
And how my stomach left me when I ambled  
through the door.

And then that awful lecture, I can hear it sounding  
yet,

And how we always hated what they called the  
teacher's pet.

I think I see a marble game, carnelians on the  
ground,

A lot of commies, crystals and the fellows standing  
'round.

I hear the shouts and laughter as the kids run  
to and fro,

And somehow there's a feeling that I'd kind o'  
like to go

Around behind the building in the cinders and the  
dirt,

And do the whole thing over with the little old  
blue shirt,

The old knee pants and garters, and the shoes with  
metal toes,

The little old red handkerchief to wipe my grimy  
nose.

It's pleasant recollection, and there's something in  
it all

That seems to nod and beckon, like the good old  
teachers' call.

We may have had our troubles, and our funny  
little ways,

But nothing ever can compare with good old White  
school days.

### MOTHER'S BASKET.

Mother's sewing basket. How the articles do pile.  
Filled with patchwork, needles, pins and wax;  
Latest paper patterns, fancy wishes to beguile;  
Balls of yarn, a darner and some tacks.

Spools of silk and linen, floss and string and colored  
thread;

Knitting needles, emery and traps;

Rolled up socks and stockings, buckles, buttons  
bought ahead;

Bits of ribbon, tape, and other scraps.

How it all accumulates,—an answer left unsaid.

Just a Mother's basket. How it grew!

Ask her how it happened and she'll slowly shake  
her head,

'Just the things that Mothers have to do.'

## 'ROUND HOME.

There's somethin' kind o' fetchin' in a home-place,  
after all.

Th' creakin' of a rocker, er a footstep in th' hall.  
Th' landscape from a window, er th' paper on a wall.

Th' whinin' of th' kittle, an' th' bubblin' in th' stew;  
Th' crackin' of th' fire, an' th' roarin' of th' flue;  
Th' raisin' of a window, er th' droppin' of a shoe.

Th' scrapin' of th' ashes, an' th' shakin' of th' grate;  
Th' choppin' at th' wood-pile, an' th' whistle of th'  
gate;

Th' foldin' of a paper, er th' scratchin' on a slate.  
Th' cackle of th' chickens an' th' moooin' of th' stock,  
Th' rockin' of a cradle, er th' tickin' of a clock;  
Th' ringin' of th' tea-bell, er th' callin of th' flock.

Th' tinkle of th' dishes, an' th' slammin' of a door;  
Th' wavin' of th' curtains, an' th' squeakin' of th'  
floor.

There's somethin' kind o' holds me 'round th' home-  
place, more an' more.

### AT BEDTIME.

At bedtime, when the World is still,  
And 'Good-Night's' all around are said,  
Our children straggle up the hill  
That leads them to their fluffy bed.

And sometimes I just straggle too,  
And run a race to get undressed,  
And one by one they all go thru  
The little prayer they like the best.

And maybe, when the light's turned out  
I'll tickle them with funny rhymes,  
Or something that I've heard about,  
Or little jokes; and then sometimes

I get in bed with them and play.  
It makes 'em laugh and kick and squeal.  
And, thinking back along the way,  
I know exactly how they feel.

And after while their eyes, seems like,  
Get heavy;—now their mother's there,  
And kisses ev'ry little tyke,  
And tucks them in with tender care.

And then we stand there, spell-bound, and  
At last we gently slip away,  
As eyelids, set with slumber sand,  
Have gone to rest, until the day.

### ELMWOOD.

Nestled in the bosom of a perfect Autumn day,  
Just before the green is turned to gold.  
'Twas a pleasant visit with the kinfolk Brown and  
Gray,  
Back in dear old "Ellum"wood of old.  
Such an air of easy, solid comfort on the place,  
Just the way it always seems to be.  
Such an air of welcome we could read in ev'ry face—  
Elberon "looks awful good to me."

## ODE TO THE PUMPKIN PIE.

When the winds begin to sigh,  
Like the winter's gettin' nigh;  
When the geese are flyin' high  
To the South, across the sky;  
When the frost is on the rye,  
An' the corn is stacked up high;  
When the fields are kind o' dry,  
An' the crop is all laid by;  
When the Sap Suck has to pry  
In the wood, to get a fly;  
When the Bob White whistles sly,  
An' there comes a faint reply;  
When the cotton-tail is spry,  
Lest the hunter catch his eye;  
When the waivin' trees imply  
That the year is goin' to die,  
An' you don't know, hardly, why,  
But you kind o' want to cry—  
There is just one thing that's shy,  
All our hearts to satisfy.  
'Tis a good big Pumpkin Pie.  
All in favor, please say "Aye."  
Good-bye.



### AUGUST DAYS.

O, the August days are the lovely days,  
When you don't want much to do;  
When the Goldenrod gives its head a nod  
To the skies of azure blue.

O, the August days with their lazy ways,  
When the Elder hedge is white,  
And the Summer green gets the Autumn sheen,  
And the Locust sings at night.

O, the August days with their drifting haze  
On the meadows, green again;  
Where the daisy heads droop in saddened shreds  
'Neath the chaff from gathered grain.

O, the August days,—while the Summer stays  
For the one last fond farewell—  
Seem to say retreat to the Summer heat,  
Ere she rings the curtain bell.

### WIND AND RAIN AT NIGHT.

I love to hear the patter of the rain,  
Around my cozy bedroom, warm and dry;  
Along the roof, or on my window pane.  
I love to hear the Wind God racing by.

His charger takes long strides across the yard,  
And tests the barn, the wood-pile and the trees,  
As, softly first, and suddenly so hard,  
He tries each place, as tho to take his fees.

Then races on across the open way,  
As tho he sought some younger, weaker foe,  
That he, perhaps, might chase and hold at bay,  
And, holding hard, might blow and blow and blow.

And then the wind dies down to soft refrain  
That seems to magnify his wondrous might.  
And now again the gentle, dripping rain  
Plays music for my ears. Good-night, Good-night.

**"KEEP OUT WITH DOG AND GUN."**

You'll have to git right out o' here, no huntin' on  
this place.

You can't tell me you didn't see that sign right 'fore  
yer face.

We jest arrested two er three fer huntin' on these  
grounds,

I'd like to know, though, where ye got them pretty  
Beagle hounds.

That young one there looks like he's built of first  
class bang up stock.

Ye see, the old man made the rule, an' he's as firm  
as rock.

No, boys, yer whiskey won't buy me, you'll have to  
climb the wire.

By gol, that houn's a pretty head, I'll bet he's full o'  
fire.

By gol, I wish the boss was here, he's sick a bed,  
ye know.

If this wan't Sunday I'd jest like to see that pup  
there go.

By gum, you've got a handsome gun, an' say, she's  
balanced slick.

I tell you what you do, now, boys, jest skin across  
the crick,

An' skirt aroun' that timber there, up near that  
there South lot,

I bet you'll start a cotton-tail, I almost know the  
spot.

Con sarn it all, jest wait a bit, my gun's up in the  
barn,  
The old man's deaf, an' if he hears, well,—I don't  
give a darn.  
We'll jest skin out an' get a few, I'm stuck on that  
there pup.  
You feller's start along. I'll get my gun, an' I'll  
ketch up.

### APRIL.

April—April—don't tell me.  
I know just what that'll be.  
Snow and rain and wind and sleet,  
Right where Spring and Winter meet.

Most too hot and then—most “friz.”  
Hardly tell just what it is.  
Slipping right from Winter's bleak  
Into days that fairly creak

With the weight of soft perfume,  
Lilac heads and Apple bloom.  
Blends of Peach and Rambler Rose  
Fill my ever willing nose.

April—April—don't tell me.  
I know just what that'll be.  
Mean enough to bring a truce,  
Then,—too nice for any use.

### IMMORTALITY.

They've gone, and only memories are here,  
But somehow, still they seem to guide our ways,  
And linger yet, thruout the endless days,  
Our hearts to cheer.

They've gone, and solemn Fate has now unfurled  
Her message, yet we hear each gentle word;  
And voices, now so quiet, still are heard  
Within this world.

They've gone. The words seem vacant, poor and  
weak.  
For tho we know no way to beck and call,  
There still remains that loving hope with all,  
To hear them speak.

They've gone. The worldly truth with all its pain  
Blinds not our hope of meeting face to face  
In some fond, quiet, restful meeting place,  
Those souls again.

## FALL DAYS.

Now huntin's no fun on a sticky, hot day  
But, take it, along when the sky is all grey—  
The branches get cleaned up enough to see through—  
The squirrel is hidin', an' watchin' you, too.

A feller kin go fer a half a day's roam  
An' feel good an' hungry again' he gits home—  
I tell you the change puts new life in yer veins—  
An' then, take it late in the fall, when it rains,

An, all out o' doors there's a kind of a fog,  
By gosh, you kin crawl in an' sleep like a log—  
It's good days fer taters—eat jackets an' all.  
Nobody kin help kind o' likin' the fall.

It's kind o' uncomfortable out o' doors  
We hustle around with the ev'ryday chores—  
The leaves on the ground seem to race to and fro  
The smoke from the fire wood kind o' hangs low.

There's lots of good walnuts to dry on the shed  
An' plenty of kivvers to slip on the bed—  
The cold wind comes by with its usual pang.  
The barn door blows shut with the very same "bang."

The summer is gone, but the branches aglow  
Are plenty to pay us for letting it go.  
The new, cooler nights with the hot chicken pie  
Pay up for the long summer season gone by.

So bring in some cider an' pop some more corn,  
An' get out the fiddle, an' Joe, get yer horn,  
An' Bess at the organ, an' Babe on the comb—  
Crowd up close together an' play "Home, Sweet  
Home."

### ONE SMILE.

It's the little, simple ways  
And the little ev'ry days,  
And the little bits of Love that make a life worth  
while.  
With the flowers that you give,  
You can tell them while they live  
Of a World of kindly feeling, with a real good smile.



## CHRISTMAS, 1905.

O, Merry, Merry Christmas, and what truly does it mean?

A day of gifts from you to me, and Holly, red and green?

A holiday for little folks with Santa Claus, so gay?  
Is this the purport, do you think, of this eventful day?

A day of dancing sugar-plums, of Christmas trees, and song?

Can we endorse it, after all, or must we call it wrong  
When some exchange their tokens rare, and others want for bread—

When some are scarcely in the race, while others forge ahead?

A birthday of the Christ of old, whom we have never seen?

So mythical to us today, two thousand years between?

What then shall we, who live today, find good in Christmastide?

Or, shall we call it 'Holiday' and venture naught beside?

Ah, no, we've millions bundled up in this electric phrase

From childhood's Christmas stocking time to old, declining days—

There's such a world of earthly good each one of us could do

That Christmas is a lesson leaf, each year, for me and you.

Association is the gift that money cannot buy.

It stills the heart that often longs, and dries the tearful eye.

So, get together now and then, and call your neighbors in  
And have a Christmas every week and think what  
fools we've been  
To go along in doubt and fear and much too often  
weep  
When gifts are not a requisite and cheering words  
so cheap.  
Let's make a resolution, then, for this the coming  
year  
To have a Christmas every day and let us never hear  
A single word from any Brown to shake the Christmas tree.  
The vote's unanimous, I know—so let it always be.

### THE GRAY DAY.

How I love the gray  
Of an Autumn day  
When the fog all settles down;  
When the Cricket trills  
And the dry air chills,  
And the wood-smoke fills the town.

When the cloud banks sway  
As they roll away  
And the sun comes peeping thru  
To the scarlet leaves  
And the purple weaves  
And the cobwebs, filled with dew.

When the day is fine,  
How the Sun can shine  
In an almost perfect way,  
But I'll choose my time,  
(And my joy is prime),  
When the World is just "all gray".

### THE DAY'S END.

Oh, Day, you've been repletè,  
For You began  
So full of opportunities for me.  
When I arose, I vow'd you were to be  
A wonder-day, with no apology  
To any man,  
And now, your close I greet.

Oh, Day, I pray don't go.  
You must not close.  
Ere I can add another happy link—  
Before I cross deep Midnight's awful brink,  
Just let me nod again, and let me think,  
Tho in a doze.  
Oh, Day, you hurry so.

Oh Day, your minutes flew  
Like frightened birds.  
And yet your hours were all with jewels filled.  
As mill-wheels ground, and farmers sowed and tilled  
So much I could have done, if I had willed,  
And yet, these words:  
Oh, Day, Good-bye to you.

## THEY SAY.

And you know who "They" are.

We oft hear it said that the town's goin' back,  
That nobody's boostin', an' business is slack.  
Say, boys, are you boostin' at all for your city?  
If not, come around and get on a committee.

They say we must try and get up a big boom,  
And get lots of factories while there is room.  
Well, maybe they're right, but it's really a pity,  
They don't come around and get on a committee.

They say that the programs are boresome and slow,  
The music is rotten, and also the show.  
But Say! Can they whistle, or just sing a ditty?  
If so, let them come and get on a committee.

## WHEN.

When the gang gets to workin'  
And the crowd lays off its shirkin',  
When we're all a pushin' up instead of down;  
When we'll all come to meetin's  
Even tho there are no eatin's,  
When we all get down to pullin' for the town;

When the last bloomin' knocker  
Reaches 'Davey Jones's Locker',  
When we quit a paintin' blue instead of red;  
When the last batch of grumble  
Takes its final rough and tumble,  
When the whole caboodle's pushin' straight ahead;

When we all cut the kickin'  
And the everlastin' pickin',  
When we hunt for just the better news to tell;  
When we're all in the wagon,  
And there aint a foot a draggin',  
When we're makin' ev'ry bullet ring the bell;

When we're all there a diggin',  
Right on deck or in the riggin',  
When we're all a thinkin' you instead of me;  
When we all lift and carry,  
And there aint one left to parry,  
Then we'll get to where we think we ought to be.

## LIVE AS YOU GO ALONG.

There's a somethin' in my makin'  
That perhaps is all my own,  
'Tis a liberty I'm takin',  
Just to see if I'm alone.

Did you ever hate the present,  
Get disgusted with your lot  
When your duty wasn't pleasant,  
Or the weather cold, or hot?

Have you caught yourself a wishin'  
That the workin' time was o'er,  
That you just could go a fishin'  
For a week or two, or more?

Has your think tank ever told you  
That there's better times ahead  
When your mother had to scold you,  
Had to send you off to bed?

Live the now and dash the morrow.  
Keep it new, with all its joy,  
Never let a coming sorrow  
Any other soul annoy.

Watch the hand that's on the throttle  
Keep the other out of sight,  
Put your troubles in a bottle,  
And be sure the cork is tight.

Keep a thinkin', keep a sayin'  
That you'll mix your work with play,  
And remember that you're payin'  
For the things you shirk today.

Don't be lookin for the turnin'  
When your life will be a dream.  
Keep the fires ever burnin'  
For we're driftin' down the stream.

Have you ever wished the hours  
On the clock would hurry by  
To the day in sunny bowers  
With perpetual blue sky?

Have you ever thought you'd hurry  
'Till you got the work all done,  
So you wouldn't have to worry,  
But could simply live on fun?

If you did, there's nothin' in it.  
Better try another way.  
Have your fun this very minute  
Lest the world should end today.



### THE WINNER.

After a feller has had a fall,  
All scratched up and nervous,  
Hardly can tell if he's there at all,  
Durned poor shape fer service.

Got to get better and start anew—  
Start 'way back and 'beat it'.  
Then if Hard Luck and he are thru,  
He may still defeat it.

## THIS MEANS YOU.

I took the town directory from off the office shelf  
To try and find a person who was just his own plain  
self.

I read the list of all my friends and people that I  
knew,

And every blessed one of them—well—this is what  
they do:

The chambermaid would like to be the lady in the  
room,

The best man at the wedding, he would like to be  
the groom.

The woman in the purple dress is bound to want  
the drab,

The cabman tries to imitate the fellow in the cab.  
If Mrs. Jones talks English, w'y her maid talks  
English, too,

And if she gets a new blue hat, the hired girl's is  
blue.

The speaker on the platform tries to imitate the  
Gov.

The kid takes off the actor, when he starts in making  
love.

The preacher apes the doctor and the bell boy apes  
the swell,

The darkie apes the whole darn'd bunch and does  
it mighty well.

The lady at the party tries to walk like Mrs. High,  
The way they spuldge and mimic makes me giggle  
fit to die.

The dasher in the ball room holds his arm just like  
his friend,

The girl that's dancing with him tries to do the  
Greecian bend.

It's so, clear down the ladder, yes, and up again,  
and down,  
From star to souper on the stage, from circus King  
to clown.  
There's not a single one that tries to be himself  
alone,  
But all reach out to pinch some little trick that's  
not their own.  
They try to talk some foolish way, or use some  
certain word  
That they pick up from someone else, in just the  
common herd.  
And so we have to take it all—there's nothing we  
can do  
Because we find that, now and then, we do the  
monkey, too.

## OUR MONARCH.

Why is it that here in a crowd, sitting still,  
There suddenly comes such a throb and a thrill,  
As there in the ray of the spotlight appears  
An emblem whose age is an hundred short years ?

Why shout and why yell as it snaps in the breeze,  
Or waves its broad stripes 'mid the green of the  
trees

On land that's as free as the balmy Spring air,  
As much as to say 'Haul me down if you dare' !

Why off with your hat as it floats up the street,  
Or nods to the rhythm of thousands of feet?

Why eager to follow where e'er it may lead,  
To stand by it always, and suffer and bleed,

Or even to die any minute for you,  
Oh, Monarch of Liberty, Red, White and Blue ?  
Why is it, you ask ? And the answer rebounds,  
And booms like a cannon as ev'ry heart pounds,

And echoes back: "Liberty ! Liberty, men !"  
The old standard flutters, then stands out again  
Just like it were trying to shout the words, too:  
Three cheers for this banner, Come ! Cheer it there,  
you !

Shout loud, yes, and louder. Whoever you are,  
It guarantees freedom in ev'ry white star.  
That's why the heart pounds, tho they call it a rag;  
It's Liberty's emblem. It's Liberty's flag.

### MODERN FRIENDS.

(This sketch is intended to depict two busy men—good friends but busy—who meet for a moment on the street, and showing what too often happens in the way of a visit.)

---

"How'd do, Jim?" "'Lo, George. How'd do?"

"O, all right, old boy. How're you?"

"Oh, just fine. How's folks, all well?"

"Yes, 'cept wife. Purt' sick. Can't tell."

"Doc says: 'Well, don't know. Halft' wait.'"

"Gee, that's bad. Think haft' op'rate?"

"Nope. How's biz?" "O, fair. How's yours?"

"Good. By George 'smorn's fine out doors."

"Yes. So-long. Catch train." "O, Y' are?"

"Be gone long?" "Back 'night. Here's car."

## THE BUSINESS GIRL.

She was just a girl  
In the noisy whirl  
Of a busy day's routine.  
She'd a pleasant face  
And an easy grace,  
Of a sort I'd never seen.  
There was something there,  
In the eyes and hair  
That adorned this winsome lass;  
In the words she chose,  
And her modest clothes,  
That reflected brains and class.  
There was something more.  
Shall I call it 'lore',  
In the glance that met with mine ?  
'Twas a clean cut eye  
That would make one buy,  
And it wasn't steeped in wine.  
In the pleasant tone  
Of her voice alone,  
Came a comfort when she spoke.  
All the words rang clear  
And they seemed to cheer,  
For they were not steeped in smoke.  
And I wondered then  
Just how many men  
Could have made me such a call.  
Where the women could,

Men are making good,  
But at some sad place they fall.  
When the game gets strong  
And the men go wrong,  
And discrimination's rife,  
There'll be firms who'll pay  
'Mighty well, I say  
For this cleaner, better life.

## THE IRISH COMPANY.

When the Irish answer Muster,  
Note this husky, fightin' cluster.  
See the names of men of battle,  
With the real machine-gun rattle;  
There's the Gordons and the Jordans  
And the Corbins and the Bordens;  
There's the Henneberrys, Murrays  
And the Daly's and the Furry's.  
There's the Berrys , Bourkes and Smileys,  
The O'Briens and O'Reilly's,  
The O'Connells, Blakes and Nailons,  
And the Carthys and the Whalens;  
There's the Halligans, Gilhoolies,  
And the Hooligans and Dooleys;  
There's the Killens and the Durfries  
And the Holy, fightin' Murphys;  
There's the Corbetts and O'Maras,  
And the Kilrains and O'Haras;  
There's the Doyles and Spurcks and Codys  
And the Sullivans and Brodies;  
There's the Brophys, Briggs and Hadleys  
And the Daughertys and Bradleys;  
There's the Moores, and Dowds and Laceys  
And the Handrahans and Caseys—  
Can you think defeat, dear stranger,  
When this bunch of Irish danger  
Gets turned loose and starts to rant ?  
No you cant, By Gad, you cant.



## THE SALESMAN.

He sold me the goods that he had to sell.  
I heard, quite enrapt, what he had to tell;  
Just how, I know not, but he did it well,  
The salesman who called on me.

He sold me the news and the kind of day.  
He had a good face and a pleasant way.  
He got me to sign and he made me pay,  
The salesman who called on me.

He carried his points in convincing style.  
He'd tell me a truth that would make me smile.  
It didn't take long—just a little while,  
The salesman who called on me.

My arguments, well, he could meet hands down.  
He helped me to laugh, like a circus clown.  
He made me believe in **his own home town.**  
The salesman who called on me.

He had a clean mouth and a clear, bright eye.  
He wore modest clothes and a good necktie.  
He left me good-natured, and said "Good-bye,"  
The salesman who called on me.

### CHEER.

Never was a time when all the World was clouded  
dark,

When you couldn't find somebody ready for a lark.  
Not a bit o' use to sit and grumble all the while  
All such stuff is pushed clear out o' style.

Aint nobody watchin' what yer doin' if yer good.  
Couldn't keep a watchin' ev'rybody, if they would.  
Wash yer face of mornin's, jest keep steerin' fer the  
light,  
Chances are that you'll come out all right.

## THE HAND-SHAKE.

I shook with a man, and he shook with me,  
In a decent sort of way.  
I thought to myself: What a hit 'twould be  
If I'd start a 'Hand-shake Day'.

I started the thing and it went first rate,  
All the fellows liked it fine.  
I started at dawn and I shook 'way late,  
But a sorry lot was mine.

The ice-peddler's hand was all cold and wet,  
And the Sexton's dry and old.  
The garbage man pinched me. I feel it yet.  
And the butcher's, clammy, cold.

The peddler shook hands like a string of fish,  
And his hand was long and limp.  
He held it, I think, while he made a wish,  
And his elbow had a crimp.

I shook with a doctor. He felt my wrist,  
And he said my pulse was slow.  
A student took hold with a sort of list,  
As he shook up high, 'ye know'.

A soldier took hold like a Stillson wrench,  
And he made his presence felt.  
A hand-shake like his in a battle trench  
Would compel the foe to melt.

I shook with a girl at a ball so swell.  
It was just the finger tips.  
I shook with the girl with bouquets to sell,  
And she almost pressed my lips.

I shook with the merchants along the way  
And the Greeter at the door.  
A shake is all right, but for me, I'll say:  
Excuse me. I'll shake no more.

## BOULLIER.

(To my friend, P. G. Rennick.)

Ay ben French Knuck.

May nem, Boullier.

Ay got much pluck,

Und rich, grey hair.

Ay spick all time,

From Spring to Fall.

Ay meck beeg rime

In Banquet Hall.

Ay meck you smile

Und cry right 'vay.

Ven home for while

Ay ax no pay.

Ay go each wick

Oudt mebbe twice,

Und ven ay spick

Ay sharge beeg price.

Ay keep off- fiss

You all know vare,

Und listen diss,

Eef you koom dare

From eight to seex

Ay qvestions ax

Und help you feex

Dot income tax.

Und den ay meck

Some Svede talk, too.

For dat ay teck

Beeg money, OOh.  
Und politeeks  
Cant get may goat.  
Ay got dot feex,  
May nem ees wrote  
In Washington.  
Dis Can-a-dyan.  
Ay meck much fun,  
Und meck reech man.

## THE USED AUTO.

Some of you may have had experience with automobiles. The driver is generally in fear of something happening to the engine. In the South one day I sat on the rear seat of an antiquated auto and overheard the following conversation on the front seat:

---

Hear that? Hear that? Now, wait a bit, I'll speed'er  
up and see.

Can't you hear that from where you sit? It don't  
sound good to me.

Now listen. Hear it? There! Hear that? That  
click. That there haint right.

I can't quite tell just where it's at. That hood aint  
very tight.

Now, there it goes, the chain, I guess, a hittin' on  
th' guard.

It always rattles more or less. She's puffin' pretty  
hard.

I'll tell you what, it's too much juice. She's got to  
have more air.

No, that aint it, your muffler's loose. By gosh, I  
can't tell whère

That noise is comin' from and yet—she's quit that  
puffin' now.

It's in yer mixer, Bill, I'll bet, and still, I can't see  
how—

That pump ain't workin' like it should. I fixed it  
up last night.

By gosh, I bet's it's in th' hood. These cars would make me fight.

Now listen when I throw the gear—it sounds some better there.

Let's stop at this garage right here and try a bit more air.

Oh, darn the carburetter. No! I'll run 'er till she quits.

Now listen when I run 'er slow. That furthest valve there spits.

By hek, I guess she's got 'er gait. Throw up yer spark a bit.

If I get home to dinner late, my wife'll have a fit.

Oh, darn yer wife—hear that again? The darned thing's gettin' worse.

I thought I shot a tire then. Excuse me if I curse. Just listen at the bloody thing. It's shootin' pretty well.

It sounds a little like a spring. Be hanged if I can tell.

Say, Bill, I know, the sparker's off. You'd better let me drive.

The sparker, Hell. Just hear 'er cough. You think I haint alive?

The darned connectin' rod is broke, by gosh, I'll bet a dime.

Say, Bill, this car sure is a joke. Well, 'bye, I'm home on time.



### WHOSE PLATE.

The swellest home in any town,  
The smartest dinner, so it's classed.  
Invited guests have all sat down.  
And well filled plates are being passed.

"No, thanks, just keep it, Mrs. N."  
"No, No. It's yours, you like the breast.  
I like the dark, with skin—and then  
I'm not as hungry as the rest.

"Well then you take it, Mr. B.  
Oh, no, that's so, you like the wing.  
Please, some one take it, Hully Gee,  
Before I drop the blessed thing.

Here, Mrs. I., start in and eat,  
You're almost starved to death, I know.  
Well, did you ever see the beat?  
I've held this plate an hour, I know.

Oh, well, I'll have to take it then.  
It's what I wanted all the while.  
The very same old trick again.  
I never can remember style."

## JUST HOW IT WAS.

Possibly some of you have met one of those characters, famous for relating incidents, but very poor hands at remembering the exact particulars, and keeping the listeners on needles, as it were, by arguing as to just the exact truth of the minor particulars, when really they had no direct bearing upon the point of the incident. Possibly it will help you to recall some such characters in your own acquaintance, when I tell you about one whom I met, and his relating of an incident ran something like this:

---

I had the darn'dest jamboree  
Last Wednesday night. No, let me see?  
Oh, Thursday night, it was, I guess,—  
Or was it Wednesday? Yes,— No,— Yes,  
Last Thursday night—but could it be?  
Now, wait a minute—let—me—see—  
On Tuesday, no, last Wednesday night—  
Yes, Wednesday evenin', that there's right.  
Well, what I was a goin' to say:  
Con sarn it all, I've lost a day.  
Last Wednesday night, as sure as fate,  
Just in the evenin'—'twasn't late—,  
I met Gus Black,—or was it Joe?  
No, Gus. Well, darn it, I don't know.  
I've know'd them twins fer twenty years,  
An' Joe's the one with lippy ears.  
Or is it Gus? No, that can't be,  
'Cause Gus, I guess he don't know me.  
Hold on, hold on, it is Gus, now.  
I'm plumb gee-twisted. Anyhow,  
I met him there on Adams Street  
Perched high up on his wagon seat.

Or was he in a buggy?—Yes,  
The wagon's what it was, I guess.  
Well, 'taint no matter anyhow,  
We simply jest got in a row,  
An' he'll know me next time we meet.  
I knocked him plumb clean off his feet.  
'Twas Thursday night, I know it now,  
An' all because he let his sow  
Run through my yard an' break the gates.  
I always did git mixed on dates.

## CIGARS.

Some cigars are short an' fat,  
Some are long an' slim.  
Some are sort o' square, er flat,  
Others round an' trim.

Some are twisted like a rope,  
Some are thick an' wide,  
Some are doctored up with dope,  
Full o' dust inside.

Nearly all cigars're good.  
Some come rather high.  
Don't all cure 'em like they should.  
Some a bit too dry.

Some unwrap, 'er dont burn true.  
Some keep goin' out.  
Still, most all of 'em 'll do.  
Some a bit too stout.

Dont jest like 'em awful strong.  
Meller ones 're best.  
Good Havvanner—fillers long,  
Ad a bit more zest.

Say yu aint a doin' well,  
Business kind o' tough.  
Nothin' like that cheerin' smell  
Follerin' a puff

Comin' from a likely weed,  
'Long 'bout eight er nine,  
When a feller's had a feed—  
Drest up, feelin' fine.

Sittin' kind o' dreamy eyed,  
Gazin' at the blue,  
Makes yu feel so satisfied,  
Kind o' starts yu new.

Aint no better, truer friend  
When yer down an' out.  
Jest as good from end t' end,  
Aint no room for doubt.

Things may all be goin' bad,  
Darkest times ahead,  
One cigar'll make yu glad.  
All yer troubles fled.

Aint no use t' argify,  
Ev'rything's a joke,  
There's where all yer troubles die,  
Swallowed up in smoke.

## THE SECTION CORNER.

Some fellers, surveyin' asked Old Farmer Cone  
If he could remember an old corner-stone  
They'd all been a huntin' fer, there, quite a bit,  
An' Old Farmer Cone stopped his plowin' an' spit—

"Well, now, it's ben seven er eight year, er so,  
An' I dunno, mebbe it's longer ago,  
Since I kin remember that stone there was set,  
But, purty durned sure she's a settin' there yet.

If you kin jist wait 'till I go git a spade,  
I'll go help yu hunt it. What's on, a farm trade ?  
A new Interurban ? Dont say ! Well, that's fine.  
Now, let's see—that stone orter be on a line

Purt' nigh with that hedge, er a leetle bit West.  
I reckon to look right in here will be best.

You've ben diggin' there, and dont find it ? Dont  
say !

Hmmm, well, now, that stone sure can't be fur away.

Yu see, I wa'n't here when they grubbed out that  
tree.

Here's Perkins. Now, he'll know it better'n me.

Say, Perkins, you know where this stone here was  
set.

Give Perkins that spade. He kin find it, I'll bet."

"That stone ? Well, now, then, sir, so fur as I've  
know'd,

Set quite a bit further out into th' road.

Let's dig around here. It's filled in quite a bit"—  
An' he took th' spade, an' he coughed, an' he spit.

He dug quite a bit, hit the spade a good whack,  
Says he: "No, sir, Cone, that there stone wa'n't put  
back.

We dug that stone out when we threw up th' grade.  
A white one, it was, half as long as this spade.

The corner's right here. Wait, here's Darby, he'll  
know.

He helped when they run out this forty below.  
Say, Darby, these fellers'r huntin' that stone  
You used when you lined up that forty you own.

"That stone," says Old Darby, "You haint no where  
near

Where that was, it's right b'this fence-post, right  
here."

He pulled up the post, an' he dug around it.  
An' then he lean't back, an' he puffed, an' he spit.

"Well, I'll be gol durned. Wope! hold on here  
what's this ?

No, that's jest a pebble. By George, you won't miss  
A foot if ye take this here side o' that hedge.

I know where she set, right here, kind o' on edge.

I used to could find the durned thing in th' dark,  
An' right on th' top was a kind of a mark."

"No, Darb, yer all wrong," says young Cone, hap'nin'  
by,

"I bet I could dig up that stone, if I'd try."

So he takes th' spade, an' rolls under th' fence,  
An' starts in t' dig like he hadn't good sense.

He dug up th' dirt like a bull with a fit.

He wiped off some sweat, then he stopped, an' he  
spit.

An' then they took turns, each aroun' once again,  
An' there th' Surveyor stood, him an' his men,  
A lookin' durned wise, an' a drawin' full pay,  
While all o' them farmers lost almost a day.

The more come along, w'y th' worse it would get,  
An' when it come dark, they was diggin' there yet.  
An' how they did dig there, an' how they did sweat,  
An' finally two of 'em puts up a bet.

An' whether they found it, er not, I dunno,  
It happened, I guess, two er three year ago.  
I know th' durned Railroad wa'n't built there at all.  
By Gosh! come t' think, that durned stone's in our  
wall.



### THE BED.

And when the crowded work-a-day is done—  
When limbs and muscles ask for peace and rest,  
There may be functions, shows, but I know one  
Who loves the little downy couch the best.

When day's been hard, and ev'ry thing looks wrong,  
And body, soul and brain have given way.  
There still remains, apart from all the throng,  
A glad retreat for me. Oh, yes, the hay.

To shed my royal raiment, careless like,  
And fall like molten lead upon the sheet,  
To spend the night where e'er my form may strike.  
Oh, what a treat. Again, Oh, what a treat.

When feet are sore, from endless little trips,  
And arms and legs and back, and ev'rything  
Seem next to dead, Oh say! the pillow slips!  
What joy to tired heads they always bring.

When poets old have told their best in rhyme,  
Among the joys of all the books I've read,  
Believe me, now, to all there comes a time  
When nothing else will take the place of bed.

## THE OPTIMIST.

An oldish man was walkin' and a chewin' of his cud,  
Now I can't recollect the feller's name,  
The road was rather crooked and he tumbled in the  
mud,

But the old man was happy, just the same.

He'd lately lost his job, and say, his wallet it was flat,  
Now the old feller really wa'nt to blame,  
The winter was upon him and he wore an old straw  
hat,

But the old man was happy just the same.

And quite a philosophical old geezer, just a tramp.  
There were scars deep and often on his frame.  
He hadn't any matches, his "tobackker," it was damp,  
But the old man was happy, just the same.

They'd chased him out of Boston, and they'd kicked  
him out of Leeds,

How his clothes needed patches was a shame.

His head was full of cockle burs from sleepin' in  
th' weeds,

But the old man was happy, just the same.

He'd lost his collar buttons and his reputation, too.

A hard-times suit 'long side o' his was tame.

He couldn't beg a sandwich, so he took another chew,  
And the old man was happy, just the same.

He'd simply just decided he'd be happy all the time,  
And I think, judged by some, he'd won his game,  
Altho a simple vag, his resolution was sublime,  
And the old man was **happy, just the same.**

At last he lay a dyin', just a lettin' go his grip,

So finally the County Doctor came.

He felt around a bit and says: 'Old top, you're gone  
this trip.'

But the old man was **happy, just the same.**

### THE MOTOR CAR.

A stream of light—a whirr,  
A noise like speeding fowl,  
A motor's steady purr,  
A Klaxon's angry growl.  
The click of shifting clutch,  
The carburettor's hiss.  
Who'll ever care how much  
It costs to ride in this?

## THE TRAIL.

"Hello, my friend, could you direct us how to get to Kent?

I know I took this road before, and seems to me we went

A mile'r so beyond the school, an' then I jest ferget—  
We want to take the shortest road. I ought to know it yet."

"W'y, yes, ye'r headin' right for Kent, but then, ye'r off th' route.

You should o' turned off two mile back, there where th' oil gives out.

This road goes by old Skinner's mill, and past th' Plainfield school

But then, you kin git thru this way. I take it, as a rule.

A better road, tho, I should think, would be to turn right here,

An' go a mile 'r so straight East. They gravelled that last year.

An' when ye pass th' Cemetery, bear off to th' right, Until ye strike th' meetin' house, 'r else, I guess ye might

Jest take th' windin' valley road fer forty rod 'r more, An' take th' left-hand turn before ye git to Slagle's store."

Just then another friend comes up, who really knows the way,

And says, "Now here, don't take that road. That there'll take all day.

You want to go to Kent, you say? Well then, you keep straight West

Until you hit th' Railroad track. You'll find that  
road's th' best.

It may be dusty there, part way, but then, you miss  
th' crick.

.If I was startin' out fer Kent, that there would be  
my pick."

By this time three or four came up to help direct the  
way,

And there we sat and listened till each feller had  
his say.

And every blessed one of 'em was long on good  
advice.

One feller swore he knew th' road. Had been along  
it twice.

And one old feller took a stick and marked the  
whole thing out

Right there, by Jingo, in the dirt. It took an hour,  
about.

And there we sat and fumed and fussed, and just  
before we start,

Up comes a kid about ten years, a country lad, but  
smart,

An' blurts right out "What road you want? To  
Kent? Yes, I know where.

You see that trail mark on that post? Take that,  
it goes straight there."

### THE HIKE.

No blessed thing in mind  
Save a walk in the open air.  
Trouble and care behind,  
And a swell in my heart to spare.

Over the hill and down,  
To the woods where the trees wave high.  
Far from the dusty town  
Let us travel, then, you and I.

### FOUR CYLINDERS.

How I love to hear the motor, as we ramble o'er  
the highway,  
Or we rumble thru the by-way  
On a road that's never ending,  
Always twisting, turning, bending;  
Do you hear its throbbing music, as it swallows up  
the grade?  
Do you hear the swish and rustle, as it rushes by  
the bushes?  
How it sputters, pulls and pushes  
On a road that gaily rambles  
Thru the roadside brush and brambles?  
How it seems to count the seconds, as we pass the  
light and shade.

### LIFE'S QUESTION.

Wondering, thinking, our lives wend their way,  
Far toward the future our hearts, day by day.  
Hateful at intervals, often times sad,  
Sometimes too sorrowful, sometimes too glad.  
Hoping in futures, or living in past;  
Sailing from Summer to Winter's cold blast,  
Striving together for weel or for woe,  
Sipping the bitter with sweets, as we go.  
Seeing some good and a moral with all,  
Building up towers to see each one fall.  
Gathering knowledge to leave it behind,  
Carving our names in whatever we find.  
Lofty air pictures and castles immense,  
Grass always greenest beyond the line fence.  
Hope everlasting and future not gone.  
Whither and when will the curtain be drawn.  
Thus we are thankful for things we don't see,  
Something to wonder for—something to be.  
None can compare with this wonderful wall.  
This to be thankful for once and for all.



## TOURING.

The day is fine, and the air divine,  
And the motor sings its lay.  
The road ahead is a ribbon, spread  
For the car to wend its way.

All light of heart for the morning start,  
A surprise at ev'ry turn.  
Without alloy, 'tis the greatest joy  
That a tourist heart could yearn.

We cross the bridge and we skirt the ridge  
With exhilaration free.  
We round the curve with a gentle swerve  
As we brush a wayside tree.

A passing look at the bubbling brook  
And a field for tired eyes.  
The River's glare and the village there  
Are another glad surprise.

The day wears on and the lunch is gone  
And we race to miss a storm.  
It's new found play as we speed away  
In the sunshine, bright and warm.

The ev'ning dash with the ford and splash  
And a hill beyond the wood.  
The sunset smiles on the last ten miles,  
And the lap-robe feels right good.

A town not far, so we turn the car  
For the lights beyond the dell;  
The pleasure grows in a night's repose  
Where the guide-book says 'Hotel.'









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